Kinshara no Sonata

VraieEsprit

Bleach

Complete

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VraieEsprit

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Summary

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Description

A oneshot about Rose and his inner battle with his Hollow on the path to become a Vaizard. Set after the Pendulum arc but before proper canon. Just because Rose is pwn and needs more attention.

1. Kinshara no Sonata

Author's Babble

I actually wrote this some time ago, when Rose first made his appearance as the Vaizard of the Opera in the manga. (Yes, that is what I call him). I'm very attached to Rose, and have been ever since he sneezed in the Pendulum Arc (I am quite odd xD) since he had promise of great things to come. Any character with a name like Ootoribashi Roujuurou is deserving of fandom, so here we are. Now he's actually involved in the plot proper, I thought I'd share this with the wider world.

Anyone who's on my LJ list, you may already have read it. :)

This is set as a oneshot during Rose's battle with his inner hollow after the Pendulum Arc. It's quite self explanatory and focuses in on him and how I see his spirit being. It was written before he released his shikai, but I don't think it's in contradiction. (Obviously the title is a more recent addition.

A note about Kinshara & the quote:

The 'sal tree' bothered me a bit when I saw his release and I was trying to work out where I'd come across it or why the sword might have that name. I know that the tree has some mythical or spiritual connections but finding vague references to them weren't very helpful.

But it is possible that the reference relates to the opening paragraphs of the Heike Monogatari. This seems like a nice theme for me with Rose and everything else… so that's the way in which I've chosen to interpret it. (For those who don't know, the Heike Monogatari is a Mediaeval Japanese text about the fall of one of the great Clans of Japan in the Genpei War).

Kinshara no Sonata

"The sound of the Gion Shouja bells echoes the impermanence of all things;
The color of the Sala flowers reveals the truth that the prosperous must decline.
The proud do not endure, they are like a dream on a spring night.
The mighty fall at last, they are as dust before the wind."
(Heike Monogatari circa 14th Century, Transl. H McCullough,

Four beats. Four. Three… a pause… and four.

In the silence of the dark room, the solitary figure stirred, opening his eyes slowly and sliding his gaze over to the window, from where the noise had come.

Four beats. Three. Four… and then a cascade of raindrops that fell all in one cacophony, drowning out the individual rhythm the drips had been keeping against the thin pane glass.

The individual sighed, closing his eyes once more.

The sky was singing. Beyond the panel walls was a world alive with colour and sound, each moment resounding through the air like the vibration of a bow against the strings of a violin. While the rain kept beat, the puddles hummed and glistened with light, and the gentle sway of the branches provided a swish swishing accompaniment to the gentle cascade of bird voices that filled the cloudy skies.

Yet still the individual did not move.

That world was not his world any more.

This darkness and empty silence was his world now. The only way in which he could truly know sanity was to stay here, locked inside the blackness of this small four by four chamber. Every note of nature's melody still struck against his soul, yet beneath it's gentle tinkle was the dark roar of something blacker still, yearning to reach through and pluck his soul down to the bleakest depths.

To keep his mind, he had to forsake the rhythms.

To keep himself, he had to lose his music.

The world was empty, but it was empty sobriety.

And he would endure.

He turned, moving so that his back was to the window as a second cadenza of water droplets struck against the pane, sounding the beginnings of a reluctant arpeggio in his detached thoughts. Every inch of him yearned to reach out to it, yet he held firm, not giving in despite how his soul called to be united with the melody of life once again.

"Enough for now, Ootoribashi-san."

A voice brought him back to reality, and he opened his eyes, staring

blankly up at the speaker as he struggled to bring his thoughts into some kind of coherence.

He was in the underground training zone, surrounded by sand and desert, with the fake of blue over his head half-deceiving him that he was outside.

The man who stood over him held a cane, his green coat flicking back in an imaginary breeze and his eyes solemn beneath the brow of a striped hat. The stranger's messy flaxen hair poked out from underneath, and as Rose lay there, unable to move, the thin tip of the cane moved closer towards him, pausing inches before his forehead.

"But not yet time." He heard the man murmur to himself, before bowing a low apology.

"I'm sorry, Ootoribashi-san." He said gravely. "Your fight… is not over yet."

With that he was gone, and in the silence that followed, Rose slowly struggled to pull himself into a sitting position.

It had been a dream, he realised. A suggestive state beyond this real one, yet he had understood all too well that it was also real. The melody of nature that had been so tantalisingly within his reach had been the inner world that he was no longer allowed to enter… the place he could not reach until he had overcome his darkness and gained control once more of his body.

His clothes were ragged and torn, as though he had fought a fierce battle, yet there was nobody else around, and the stranger with the hat and cane had gone as if he had never truly been there at all. Where he had come from, Rose was not sure, yet in the mix of jumbled thoughts that made up his consciousness he was almost sure he had met the individual before.

Another place… another world… another place beyond the music and fierce, blinding pain that had dogged his past few days and weeks.

He rubbed his temples, trying to make sense of it.

He was losing himself… they all were. He knew that, yet even now he did not know fully what he had lost. His memories had returned in fragments, sometimes jumbled and confused as, bit by bit he had recalled who he was. But he still did not know so many things. And he still did not fully remember the things that the dark soul had done… in the times he had been too weak to hold it back.

The voice still roared at the back of his consciousness, searing at his

wits and drowning out the beautiful melodies that had once soothed his spiritual energy into harmony and obedience. The tatters of the white cloak he had once wore still hung heavy and torn around his shoulders, but he no longer recognised it or understood the significance of the black 'three' emblazoned deep into the fabric. It was stained and scalded, blood tipped and a relic of a past he still had not fully pieced together. Yet he knew he was not here alone.

He pulled himself heavily to his feet. This place had been his only home since the time before he could clearly remember, and he had never seen anyone else but the man in his hat and coat, disappearing and reappearing at random fleeting intervals. Yet he knew he one thing for certain. He had not been alone. For in the dark room that he had imprisoned himself, he had also felt the spirits of others. Those he could not see, but whose raw reiatsu he could feel against his own… other travellers who had wandered far from safety, looking for the same sanctuary that he was.

He held out his hands, bending and flexing his fingers absently as though preparing to play a concerto, but there was no instrument and he could not remember the opening refrain. The air around him was silent and dead, and despite himself, he felt empty.

Without music, he could not live. Yet with it, he would die of madness. That was the only reality of which he was sure.

So long as the monster still roared within him, there would be no melody.

And so long as there was no melody, he would continue to linger on the edge, not really knowing where he was going or why.

On the ground near his feet lay what looked like the broken skull of a bird, and he gazed at it blankly, before kicking it away with his foot.

It reminded him of the monster, and it followed him around the arena like a hunting bird he could not fully escape. What it meant he did not know. He did not want to know. Never once had he heard birdsong in this place, after all. It was not a bird that sang. It was a bird that brought death. When he looked at it, cold shudders ran through his soul and fear unlike anything he had ever felt before flooded his senses, paralysing him and making him unable to even speak. He had not said a single word since he had come to this place, afraid that his words would wake the sleeping beast that nested deep within him.

For the bird that hunted him was part of him. And it would devour him, little by little, piece by piece.

For there was no music, not now. And without the music, Rose could not exist.

He was simply waiting.

Lingering.

Watching.

Until the bird came and took his soul away.